



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

HENRIETTA HARRISON;
Or the Blue Cotton Umbrella.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

'WELL, girls—I am educated!' exclaimed Henrietta Harrison, as she bounded into the back school-room of Mrs. Strickland's seminary for young ladies; where, the business of that day being over, the most diligent of the pupils were engaged in learning their lessons and writing their exercises for the next.

'Educated, are you?' said Miss Davenport, looking up from her desk—'I wish I could say the same. But I do not believe that my education will ever be finished. Mamma says I am only just now beginning to get an insight into the various branches that I have been plodding at since I was six years old. I dare say I shall be kept at school till all my four elder sisters are married, for I overheard Mrs. Strickland hinting to mamma that it was impolitic to bring out two many daughters at once. I wish I was taller, and then it would be impossible to make me still pass for a child: unfortunately, I stopped growing at fourteen. But how do you know that you are educated? What proof have you?'

'I have just come up from Mrs. Strickland's front parlor, where uncle Mark Markham (who you know came to town yesterday) has been settling all my bills for the last time, and I am to quit school at once, and he is to take me home with him to Markhamville, where he has been making a town for the last five years on some land that he bought in the back part of the state of New-York. So you see I have said my last lesson, and written my last exercise; at least I hope so.'

'Not so fast,' said Miss Davenport.—'He may play you a trick, after all—like Maria Gidley's aunt, who since she took her from school, has made her learn five times as much at home, and watches her ten times as closely as we are watched by Mrs. Strickland and all her teachers.'

'No, no, he will not,' replied Henrietta.—'I have no fear of that. But I will tell you how all this happened. You know I dined with uncle Mark to-day in a private parlor at the hotel.'

'Yes, we know,' responded Miss Duckworth. 'You must have had a charming dinner. How we envied you!'

'You had reason,' resumed Henrietta; 'for we had mock turtle, and maccaroni, and lobster, and lemon pudding, and various other nice things that are unfortunately considered improper to be eaten every day, and that Dr. Gruelman represents as certain death to any but middle-aged gentlemen, like himself. After dinner, uncle Mark (who said he could judge of me better when not in the presence of Mrs. Strickland,) examined into the state of my accomplishments. So I sung to him "*Je pense a vous*," and "*E serbata*," and played him the overture of *La Cenerentola*; at which he was so tasteless as to fall asleep; and then when I stopped he waked up, rubbing his eyes, and asked for *Hail Columbia*, but I told him I had never seen the notes of it in my life and that I did not know the thing when I heard it; upon which he shamed me, and almost made me cry. Then he called in one of the black waiters to whistle a cotillon, while I danced among seven chairs ranged as people. After this, I talked Italian for him, and said, "*Vi auguro il buon giorno, signore*,"* and "*godo di vedervi in buona salute*."†

'Oh!' said Miss Dummer—'You should have said "*Come state*,"‡—and then "*Sto molto bene vi ringrazio*."§ They come next in the phrase-book after "*vi auguro*.''

'Poh,' replied Henrietta—'How should he know which was which. The poor man, (or rather the happy man) has learnt no language but his own. Think of the grammars, and vocabularies, and phrase-books, and translation tasks that he has escaped! And then I rattled over as fast as I could, "*La paletta, le molle, l'attizzatojo, la saliera, la*

pepajuolo, l'acerabolo.* Lastly, by way of finale to my Italian, I said that word of words, "*Sghignozzamento*."† and was proceeding with "*Consciosciacossache*."‡ when he stopped his ears and bade me hush. Well, then he desired a specimen of my French, and as I never can remember any thing from *Telemaque* or from those dull old tragedies of *Racine*, I began to repeat the fable of *Le Renard et la Cigogne*; but not recollecting the whole, I pieced it out with *Le Renard et le Corbeau* and strange to say, he detected me, and asked why I turned my stork into a crow; and then he said several things that were rather annoying.'

'You will find him too cunning for you, yet,' observed Miss Burnet.—'these old uncles always know a great deal more than we suppose, and they have a way of discovering things no one can tell how.'

'Now hear the rest,' resumed Henrietta—'I had taken with me to show to uncle Mark, my last sepia landscape, which was just finished. And notwithstanding that Mr. Mudford had sketched it himself in his most sketchy manner, and finished it with his own hand in his boldest style, my perverse uncle said at the first glance, that it looked to him like nothing but splotches dabbed on at random. Even when he put on his spectacles, he mistook the clouds for ragged cotton bags, with bits of cotton oozing out through the holes; and the mountain she thought were a row of extinguishers, and the trees whisk brooms and umbrellas. The cascade flowing down a dark perpendicular rock, he imagined to be a huge rolling-towel hanging on a kitchen door; the river, striped calico; and the abbey, he said, looked like one of Dr. Nott's stoves: the sheep and goats he called poultry, and the people he supposed to be fish standing upright. And when I assured him that it was only the bold sketchy style, in which Mr. Mudford excels all other drawing-masters, he replied that nothing can be good if it is unintelligible.'

* 'I wish you good morning, sir.'

† 'I am very glad to see you in good health.'

‡ 'How do you do?'

§ 'I am very well, I thank you.'

* 'Shovel, tongs, poker, salt cellar, pepper-box, vinegar-bottle.'

† 'A fit of laughter.'

‡ 'For as much as.'

'He is far behind the age, as papa would say,' observed Miss Burnet.

'Well,' continued our heroine—'after I had undergone a similar examination on all the other thousand things that I had been learning, he set himself back in the deep Spanish arm chair, and told me not to disturb him for he was going to think. So I went and looked out of the window, and only asked him four or five times if he had done thinking yet. At the end of half an hour he made a speech, in which he informed me that I was now sixteen, and that having taken good care of me since I came into his possession an orphan of six years old, and done his duty by having an education put at me, he had found me, on his three last annual visits to Philadelphia, retrograding instead of improving, for which, however, he was not sorry: the fashionable accomplishments, as they are acquired at fashionable boarding schools, conferring no possible pleasure or advantage on either man, woman, or child. Only think of his saying so!—after all the pain and trouble they cost us poor school-girls. It is well Mrs. Strickland was not within hearing.'

'He is quite right,' observed Miss Davenport. 'Am I not made thin and pale, and kept in a constant headache, with these perpetual studies and endless accomplishments.'

'Oh! but you take them too hard,' said the giddy Henrietta. 'You are trying all the time to really learn this multitude of things, and to excel in every one of them. Now, for my part, I do not care whether I acquire them or not. All that I have picked up has been without any particular effort. Though I have no fancy for learning *out* of book, yet I like dearly to read *in* book; and, strange to say, I remember things best when I have not studied them. I intend in future to read prodigiously. Well—where was I in my long story. Oh! now I recollect! Uncle Mark finished by telling me, that as enough had been done in passing me through the usual routine, I might consider myself educated, according to the present acceptance of the word, having been kept at school the usual number of quarters; so that his conscience was now clear as to having done his duty by me in the eyes of the world.'

'That was a very queer sort of talk,' said Miss Dummer. 'I do not quite understand it.'

'No matter,' resumed Henrietta; 'I do perfectly. Well—the conclusion amounted to this.—He determined to take me with him to Markhamville, and there let me practise being mistress of the house, under the guidance of his trusty and notable housekeeper. Mrs. Bowlby—who is to endeavor to make me a fit wife for any clever fellow that will be willing to take me off his hands. The dear

good old man! how I thanked him!—particularly for that last part of his speech. I was on the point of promising never to tease him again; but I was afraid I should not be able to keep that promise. And then it will give him such an agreeable surprise, when he finds me turn out a tolerably good sort of girl after all.'

'I wonder you are not wild with joy,' observed Miss Davenport.

'I am,' said Henrietta.

'And to think that you will be able to order what you please for dinner,' said Miss Duckworth. 'If I were you, Henrietta, I would have gooseberry tart and custard every day, with plenty of sugar in the gooseberry, and plenty of spice in the custard; and I would have always at tea, iced queen cakes, and preserved limes, and pickled oysters; and every night before I went to bed, I would have both cocoanut and pineapple.'

'Well—well—we shall see,' replied Henrietta—'and now I am all impatience to get off, and stay with Uncle Mark at the hotel during the week that he will remain in town! and to do my own shopping, and to buy whatever I choose. I shall put half a dozen mantua-makers in requisition to fit me out for beginning the world at Markhamville. And to think of the delight of traveling. I, whose journeys have been confined to a ride to Fairmount, or to Bartram's Garden, or a voyage across the river to Camden. Oh! I forgot—I was once at Germantown.'

In the evening, Mr. Markham took his niece to the theatre, and she so much delighted him by crying bitterly at the tragedy, and laughing heartily at the farce, and always in the right place, that he whispered to an old friend who had accompanied them, 'The girl has some sense and some feeling, after all. Giddy and mischievous though she is, I believe I will let her quit Mrs. Strickland to-morrow, and keep her with me at the hotel till I start for Markhamville.'

We will concisely pass over Henrietta's leave-taking of Mrs. Strickland, who bestowed on her abundance of good advice, as to practising five hours a day on the piano, drawing one hour, devoting three hours to French, and four to Italian, and filling up the intervals with astronomy, chemistry, logic and philosophy, adding worsted work of evenings; it being only by this process she could keep up the accomplishments acquired at school. Notwithstanding the joy of her emancipation, our heroine took leave of her schoolmates with abundance of tears, and to each of the poor teachers or sub-governesses she privately gave some little present as a token of remembrance. 'Henrietta, how I envy you,' whispered Miss Duckworth—'you have eaten your last boarding-school dinner.'

During the week that they remained in Philadelphia, Mr. Markham was much engaged with business of his own, and Henrietta found ample employment in shopping and in consulting with dress makers, her uncle having allotted to her a certain sum for the outfit which ladies generally find necessary in removing from one place to another. This sum he cautioned her not to exceed, as he should on no consideration eke it out with even a single dollar. Henrietta had imbibed an idea that it was utterly impossible to take a journey without a gray pongee traveling dress and a drab-colored grass-cloth bonnet. But, in the mean time, she was so strongly tempted by various articles of finery, that she found there would be no money left for this particular costume, which would require about thirty dollars more. She did not, however, despair of coaxing her uncle out of this extra appropriation, and there was still time to buy the dress and have it made, and to purchase a bonnet; accordingly she broached the subject to him after breakfast, when he was just preparing to go out. 'I will think about it,' said he.

'Dearest uncle Mark, do not think long.'

'I shall not—ten minutes will suffice.'

He took his seat in the Spanish arm-chair, and thought steadfastly, while Henrietta fixed her eyes all the time on the watch that he had given her, after positively refusing to present her with a diamond ring.

'Well, uncle—the ten minutes are out,' said Henrietta.

'I have thought,' replied he, 'and the result is that I have made up my mind to give you no more money for any purpose belonging to this outfit. If you choose to seize upon the useless before you have secured the useful, you may abide by the consequences.'

'But, uncle,' said Henrietta, 'it is utterly impossible for me to go to New-York without a pongee traveling-dress and a grass-cloth bonnet.'

'What will you do if you do not go?' asked the uncle.

'Then I shall stay behind.'

'What will you do when you stay behind?'

Henrietta turned away half crying, and made no answer.

'I am firm as a rock,' said Mr. Markham. 'I do nothing without mature deliberation. You shall neither have a grass-cloth gown nor a pongee bonnet.'

'But I may have a pongee gown and a grass-cloth bonnet—may I not, dear uncle?' said Henrietta—catching at a straw.

'Neither one nor the other—I do not know which is which, but you shall have neither. I have thought it and I have said it, and you might as well attempt to move Mount Hol-

yoke. Among your numerous dresses, you can certainly find one that is fit for traveling, and I see no objection to the straw bonnet you are wearing now. At all events, you should have saved out sufficient money for the purpose, if you considered these pongee and grass-cloth things as articles of absolute necessity.'

There being no alternative, Henrietta found herself obliged to submit. Her uncle took his hat and went out for the morning, and she departed to make her final settlement with the dress-makers, and to provide herself with a traveling hand-basket, that she nearly filled with gingerbread-nuts, and the bonbons called lemon drops, without which Miss Duckworth had assured her it was impossible to undertake a journey to New-York or indeed to any other place.

The clouds soon cleared away from the brow of our heroine, when she found that there was no remedy for her disappointment, and her uncle was glad to see that she met him at dinner with a smiling countenance, and also that she had been practising not only Hail Columbia but Yankee Doodle beside. By way of salvo for refusing the traveling costume, he went out and bought her a very handsome Thibet shawl, and in the evening he took her again to the theatre. On their way thither he informed Henrietta that she would have a female companion as far as New-York, for that Mr. Wimpole, an acquaintance of his, had requested him to take charge of his daughter to that city, where she was going to be bridesmaid at the wedding of one of her cousins.

On the morning of their departure, Henrietta, who had kept awake since three o'clock that she might not oversleep herself, was up and dressed long before five, precisely at which hour her uncle knocked at her door. He found her simply habited in a plaid silk frock and her straw bonnet, and as she gaily bade him good morning, his heart smote him that he had not indulged her according to her desire. They departed for the steam-boat, where, as they sat on the deck, they were soon joined by Mr. Wimpole and his daughter. Rosabelle Wimpole was a tall willowy-looking girl, who seemed all a-droop. Immensely long ringlets, intermixed with downward flowers, dangled down her cheeks and over the front of her neck. On one side of her bonnet hung a long drooping spray of pallid roses, and a green veil. Her dress seemed falling off her shoulders and wrinkled down her waist, which was of amazing length; and its arm-holes descended almost to her elbows, pushing the sleeves below them. Never did a dress look more uncomfortably; and how she kept it on was a mystery to all observers. A worked-muslin pelerine hung back from her shoulders, with a long flowing ribbon strung about it in some

way that was neither useful nor ornamental. Her eyes were half closed in a perpetual languish, and her lips half open as if to exhale a perpetual sigh. She formed a striking contrast to the round healthy figure, blooming cheeks, and sprightly countenance of Henrietta Harrison.

On being introduced to our heroine, Miss Wimpole regarded her through an eye-glass, and was probably satisfied with the result of her scrutiny, as she pressed the hand of Henrietta to her heart, and said, 'Let us be friends forever.' To which proposals Miss Harrison nodded an assent. The last bell began to send forth its clamorous peal before Mr. Markham and Mr. Wimpole had finished their discussion on the state of the money market, and Rosabelle prepared for a melancholy parting with her father by drawing her veil over her face, and unfolding a handkerchief which she took from her reticule. Now the truth was that she was only to be absent a week, and that she always spent as much of her time from home as she possibly could; living almost entirely with married sisters, cousins, and a variety of people whom she called her friends, and from whom the slightest invitation was sufficient. Her father was married to a second wife, a dull drowsy woman, and they had a numerous flock of noisy troublesome young children, whom Mrs. Wimpole left entirely without control, as she did her step-daughter.

All the visitors were fast leaving the boat, and Mr. Wimpole (engaged to the last moment in conversation with Mr. Markham) shook Rosabelle's hand without turning his head towards her, forgot to give her a farewell kiss, and finishing his discourse with 'Bills on England are selling at ten per cent. premium'—he sprung on shore just as they were taking up the landing-board. His daughter went to the railing, and waved her handkerchief at nothing till the boat had passed by Chesnut, Market, and Arch streets. She then came back to Henrietta, and said to her—'My sweet friend, let us mutually aid each other to keep clear of the shoals and quicksands of our perilous voyage.'

'I think that will be rather the business of the pilot and engineer,' observed Mr. Markham, looking up from the morning papers which he had bought from the boys on the wharf, to read while in the boat.

'Oh! I mean the voyage of life' said Rosabelle.

'Oh! life thou art a gloomy road,
A weary, sad, and heavy load,
For wretches such as I.'

'Poor girl!' said Mr. Markham pityingly—'you are very young to be tired of life already. But you should not call yourself a wretch.'

'That is only a quotation, dear uncle,' observed Henrietta.

'Ah! my beloved Miss Harrison,' said Rosabelle—'or rather my sweet Henrietta, (for that I believe is your name) I see you are skilled in the poets. But as I was saying I feel that we are destined to tread the thorny path together, and that the friendship commenced this day, will endure till the wing of time shall sever us. While Henrietta was thinking of a suitably reply, (not certain whether she ought to adopt the style of her new and extreme friend or whether she had best remain *au naturel*.) Miss Wimpole took out from her belt an ivory tablet, in which she began to make memorandums. Henrietta erroneously supposed that she was marking down a young couple then inconveniently promenading the crowded deck; the lady holding on to her husband's arm with both hands as if afraid of losing her prize, and smiling up in his face honey-moon fashion; and the gentleman looking somewhat embarrassed as he carried by one end a down pillow,* whose covering of cambric lined with pink silk, was frilled with rich lace. This bijou of a pillow, which they seemed afraid to trust a moment out of their sight, and which was in keeping with the splendor of her dress, was evidently for the purpose of accommodating the lady beautifully, should she be inclined to repose during the voyage to Bordentown.'

The boat seemed but a few minutes in passing the city, and the attention of our young and untraveled heroine was alternately engaged by the wide river glittering in the morning sun, its green and fertile shores, and the various people that walked, or stood, or sat about the deck. They were nearly at Bridesburgh, when she missed her new friend and went down stairs in search of her. She found Miss Wimpole sitting at the table in the ladies' cabin, surrounded by talking women and crying children, and busily engaged in transferring her memorandums to an album-looking book.

'Friend of my future life, I am writing my journal,' said Rosabelle.—'I had determined never to travel without keeping one. It is so gratifying to people's friends. Shall I read you what I have written? (lowering her voice.) Come, let us go and take our seats on those shelves by the windows, where the children can no longer catch hold of our dresses with their greasy hands.' Accordingly, they retreated to the transom. 'There now,' said Rosabelle—'we are nicely fixed. If the children clamber up after us, we can easily throw them out of the window.' She then commenced as follows: reading in a sing-song affected tone, and frequently obliged to elevate her voice to its highest pitch, that it might be heard above the fretting of the babies, the coaxing of the mothers, and the creaking of the rocking chairs.

* Fact.

'How finely organized are the fibres of the human heart! How closely they are interwoven with our tears! How painful, how agonizing it is to rend asunder the silken cords that tie us to our native roof. Oh home! sweet home! Why should we trample on the flowers that bloom on our paternal hearth?'

'Very true,' remarked Henrietta—'it is better to put them on the mantle-piece. But I thought you were going to read me your journal.'

'So I am.—This is it.—But I see you are not used to journals. It is fashionable for them to begin despondingly, and to end in a great outburst of joy or something. Well—to proceed.—Philadelphia—thrice-loved, thrice honored Philadelphia! Glorious city of my birth, and city of William Penn, whose statue befronts the hospital!'

'Befronts!' said Henrietta.

'Yes, befronts—stands in front of. It is a word that I have myself added to our language. I think it very expressive—don't you? But let me go on.—Metropolis of the friendly quakers, and queen of the blue and silver Delaware! Triumphant rival of Wilmington and Burlington, also of Bristol, and other places. With swelling heart and streaming eyes I have just passed your well known walls!'

'What walls?' asked Henrietta.

'Oh! the walls of the houses, to be sure.'

'The lengthy market-house has faded from my view, and Christ Church steeple has melted into air. Your lofty towers have pierced the clouds and vanished!'

'What towers?' inquired Henrietta.

'Oh! the two shot towers—we have no others—but you must not expect a journal to tell nothing but the truth. Well—where am I. In a few hours a vast portion of this restless globe (more than eighty miles,) will roll between me and the city of my ancestors, where even my grandfather was born, and kept his extensive store, and papa and my uncles after him. Hours, days and nights must slowly wind their mingled web around the State House clock before my longing eyes shall again be greeted with the welcome smoke of Kensington glass house, blest harbinger of Philadelphia. Swift glides the jerking boat. The river widens—the shore flattens—poplars shade red cottages. They are out of fashion in Philadelphia: lindens being all the go—Oh! leafy lindens! your branches strike upon my heart, and wake the chord of memory—particularly those in front of the State House, where oft when court was over, and the youthful attorneys at law were returning to their offices, I met on my way to Guabert's—But be still, my tell-tale fingers, and breathe not that mysterious name to the winds.—Alas—alas—seven suns shall set,

seven pensive moons shall rise before we meet again. Sighs wave my disheveled tresses—tears blot my paper—the pen falls from my convulsive grasp!'

'And did it?' asked Henrietta: who had been trying all the time under the guise of *naivete* to conceal her inclination to laugh.

Before the question could be answered, breakfast was announced, and Mr. Markham appeared at the door to conduct his young ladies to the table, where broiled chickens, omelets, and stewed clams, for a while diverted the attention of Rosabelle from her sorrows. On returning to the deck she whispered Henrietta—'Not a word about a certain young gentleman to your uncle—I confide in your friendship, and feel that you will guard my secret with your life.' She then diverged into the history of her cousin Rachel to whose wedding she was going.—'I must make you acquainted with cousin Rachel,' said she—'in spite of her lamentable name you will find her a sweet and lovely creature. She is my daily correspondent.'

Nothing particular occurred during the remainder of their voyage up the Delaware, except that they of the pink pillow landed at Bristol, the lady having taken it into use as she arranged herself elegantly for a nap on a settee in the cabin; and she actually had the felicity of reclining her head on it nearly the whole of the passage from Dunks's ferry to Bristol. Off Whitehill a sturgeon leaped out of the water to perform a somerset, and Rosabelle put down in her journal, that 'countless fish forsook the briny element to gambol in their native of fields of air.'

When they took the rail-road cars at Bordentown, Miss Winpole commissioned her natal river (as she called the Delaware) to bear her sighs to Thirteenth street, and having apostrophised the mansion of Joseph Bonaparte at point Breeze, as 'breathing around an air of royalty,' she professed an insurmountable inclination to commune awhile with her own mind and very soon fell asleep. Henrietta looked out both sides at all that the velocity of the car would allow her to see and her uncle talked to his opposite neighbors. When they passed the line of cars that had left Amboy that morning the usual rapid exchange of newspapers took place between the gentlemen going to New-York, and the gentlemen coming from thence; and during this onslaught of a moment Mr. Markham's gold spectacles were accidentally snatched off in snatching at the papers which he held up in each hand. This untoward incident was a sad grievance to the old gentleman, for though he had gained an equivalent supply of the New-York morning news in exchange for that of Philadelphia the want of glasses prevented him from reading it. He then be-

thought himself of pointing out to Henrietta the beauties of the country; but finding few beauties to describe, he also sunk into a nap from which he did not waken till they arrived at Hights-town and took in the usual supply of fruit and cakes from the children that come to the road side to sell them when the cars reach the stopping-place.

At length they came to Amboy where Rosabelle discovered something that she called rocks, and put down in her journal as frowning precipices. She then began to make comparisons between her native river and the Hudson, very unfavorable to the latter. 'Now for my part,' said Henrietta, 'I see no reason for not admiring both rivers. I think the more things we are pleased with, the more pleasure we have.'

'That is quite a sensible remark,' observed her uncle in a low voice to Henrietta. 'I am sorry I refused you the pongee grass cloth.'

'Pleasure!' ejaculated Rosabelle. 'Who can look for pleasure in this vale of sorrow when at every step a bleeding heart stares us in the face!'

'I never saw one in my life,' said Henrietta.

'Well,' said Mr. Markham—'the misfortune that presses most heavily on me just now is the loss of my umbrella which I must have left in the rail-road car. I never travel without one, and I never have it strapped on my trunk since I had one rubbed to pieces by doing so. It is unaccountable that I should forget it, for it was quite new, an excellent thick silk, with an ivory handle, and cost me six dollars.'

'Undoubtedly you will get it again,' said Henrietta—'was not your name upon it?'

'To be sure it was engraved on the slide—but that is of no avail. I have made up my mind as to seeing it no more for nobody ever returns a good umbrella.'

'Oh! the degeneracy of the world,' sighed Rosabelle.

'Not much degeneracy after all,' said Mr. Markham; 'we find by the Vicar of Wakefield, that the practise of keeping other people's umbrellas prevailed even in his time, I suspect it commenced with the very first introduction of those invaluable articles. If it was any thing but an umbrella I might possibly get it again.'

'I am sorry you have lost it,' said Henrietta—'but dear uncle as the weather is so fine, it is not probable you will need one before you reach home.'

'I shall buy one in New-York, however,' replied Mr. Markham—'for it is my way always to have one on hand. You might as well attempt to move Mount Tom as to persuade me to travel without an umbrella.'

The boat had scarcely left Amboy and got

into the bay which was that day unruffled by the slightest breeze, when Rosabelle began to complain of sea sickness, as is the case with many ladies even on the smoothest salt-water. She retired to a berth in the ladies' cabin where Henrietta attended her and plied her with a vinargrette and a smelling bottle of scented salts, till the dinner bell rang which was very soon. Rosabelle was so much benefited by these remedies that she was able to sit up in her berth and dine heartily on the duck, ham and pudding that was sent to her from the table by Mr. Markham, finishing with a plate of almonds and raisins. She then rose and committed to her journal the following apostrophe, which she afterwards read to Henrietta.

'Sea-sickness! thou worst of mortal evils! thou green-eyed monster that swallows up both mind and body! Point and pinnacle of human suffering, and every way disagreeable! Bitterly have I felt your envenomed fang weighing down my prostrate spirits and rendering life a still greater burden. And alas! there was no friendly hand to raise me from my lofty couch with its lowly and uncomfortable pillow and perform my incessant wish of ending the misery of sea-sickness by a plunge into the far-spreading jaws of yawning ocean.'

'I am sure it was much better to hold two smelling-bottles to your nose,' said Henrietta. 'If you were so desirous of being thrown overboard, why did not you mention it?'

'Henrietta,' replied Miss Wimpole—'how green and literal you are! Do not you know that it is the rule in talking or writing of sea-sickness, always to say you wished to be thrown into the sea? It only means that you were very sick.'

Just then, Mr. Markham summoned the girls on deck to look at the fortress called Castle William which Rosabelle put down as a dreary ruin. She thought she saw several foxes looking out of the windows but they proved to be boys. The time was now very short till they reached the Battery, where they found a gentleman belonging to the family of Rosabelle's cousin Rachel, waiting to receive her. In her eager inquiries after her daily correspondent, (whom she was to see in a quarter of an hour,) Miss Wimpole forgot to take a sentimental leave of the friend of her future life; and she drove off with merely a nod from the carriage window.

'Only think,' said Henrietta,—'she never asked me where we were going to stay while in New-York, nor told me where she was to be found herself.'

'I knew she would not,' replied Mr. Markham. 'I saw at a glance that she was all froth and foolery; and there was no truth or nature about her.'

'What varieties of girls there are,' observed Henrietta.

Our heroine was taken by her uncle to one of the principal boarding-houses in the city, where she found occasion for the best of her finery. She spent three days very agreeably in seeing the lions of New-York and in receiving the civilities of a handsome young gentleman who sat next to her at table, and whom she discovered to be the brother of one of her former school-mates Miss Luttrell of Hudson, who was now on a visit to a married sister at New Haven.

The morning came when our heroine and her uncle were to set out on their voyage up the river; and from Albany they were to proceed to Markhamville. The boat did not start till seven, but Henrietta (though she had risen before five,) was not, even with the assistance of the chambermaid, completely ready till half-past six; having dressed and undressed three times before she could please herself. Perhaps the genuine reason of this difficulty was that Mr. Luttrell had informed her the evening before that his two sisters (both the married and single,) had just arrived from New Haven, and that he was going to escort them home next day to Hudson. They would, therefore, be in the same boat with her and her uncle. Finally Henrietta came down attired in one of her new dresses which she had not yet worn, a figured silk of a very becoming nondescript color, a beautiful pelérine of the same, and her handsomest French-worked collar. Instead of the little straw cottage bonnet that she had worn on her way from Philadelphia, she now appeared in her new Leghorn, which was trimmed with pale pink ribbon, and decorated with pink hyacinths both outside and in. Her uncle surveyed her from head to foot, and said to her—'Well, Henrietta—you certainly do not mean this for a traveling dress.'

'And why not, dear uncle,' she replied.—'Certainly I can wear it for this day's journey. How should any dress be injured by sitting or walking about in a nice clean steamboat?'

'Well, well,' said Mr. Markham, 'It is too late now to make any change, for the carriage is at the door; so this time you must have your way.' And she looked so pretty that he could not help feeling more indulgently towards her than usual. He did not however, cause the same satisfaction to her, for Henrietta now perceived, after they were seated in the coach, that the old gentleman carried a coarse blue cotton umbrella.

'Oh! uncle Mark!' she exclaimed—'where did you get that horrible umbrella?'

'Horrible!' said he—looking at it—'what makes it horrible?—Did you learn that pretty expression from your sworn friend of a few hours, Miss Rosabelle Wimpole?'

'Oh! no, indeed!' answered Henrietta—'I said horrible long before I knew her. But really that umbrella is shocking.'

'Shocking!—in what way does it shock you?'

'It is such an umbrella as no gentleman can possibly carry.'

'I am a gentleman, and I *will* carry it.'

'Then nobody will take you for one.'

'We shall see that. But pray, how came you so well versed in the signs and tokens of gentlemen, when you have had so little chance of knowing any, except myself?'

'Oh! yes—I have known Signor Oggi, and Signor Dotti, and Mr. Von Plick the harpist, who was a baron in Germany, and Monsieur Legerdepied, the dancing master—and not one of them would carry a cotton umbrella—if he could help it. Dear uncle, is it your own?'

'To be sure it is.—Do you think I would be so like the rest of the world as to carry other people's umbrellas. I went out and bought it this very morning, to replace the good silk one that I lost on the road; and (as my ill luck may continue,) I got one this time that was less costly.'

'But why go so much on the other extreme.—Any sort of silk umbrella is preferable to a cotton.'

'No, it is not—a cotton one is stronger and better than an inferior silk.'

'But the weather is so fine, that you cannot possibly want any umbrella before you get to Albany. Do leave it in the carriage, or make a present of it to the driver.'

'What—a good new umbrella to a hackman! You are a greater simpleton than I thought you.'

'Oh! uncle, are you really going on board the boat with that vile blue cotton thing under your arm?'

'To be sure I am.—Did not I tell you, that you might as well attempt to move Mount Tom, as to persuade me to travel without an umbrella!'

Soon after Mr. Markham and Henrietta had reached the boat, young Luttrell came on board with his two sisters, Mrs. Osborne and Miss Eliza Luttrell. On arriving at a steamboat, those who are prudent enough to be among the earliest comers, may 'settle where they please,' but those who do not get on board till the last bell, must 'settle where they can:' and of this number were the Luttrell party, who could only get places on the sunny side. This, and the usual crowding and confusion when a boat is about starting, induced the ladies to descend immediately to the cabin, whither their brother escorted them. Mr. Markham and his niece were seated very comfortably on the shady side.

'Uncle Mark,' said Henrietta, who had spied them immediately, 'Mr. Luttrell and

his sisters are on board. Did you not observe the two ladies—remarkably genteel, fashionable-looking women! Eliza Luttrell finished with Mrs. Strickland four years ago, and she does not look a day older than when she quitted school.

'Did you know that this young man was to proceed up the river this morning?' asked Mr. Markham.

'Yes,' replied Henrietta; 'he told me so last evening. He said he was going to take his two sisters home to Hudson.'

Mr. Markham thought it safest to say no more; but he now guessed the reason of his niece's *recherche* costume. In a few moments young Luttrell, having deposited his sisters in the cabin, returned to the deck and perceiving Mr. Markham and Miss Harrison, he immediately joined them. The color deepened on our heroine's cheeks when she saw him coming: and moving her chair a little in advance of her uncle's she adroitly spread out her dress and arranged the shawl that hung on her arm so as to conceal the blue cotton umbrella on which the old gentleman was pertinaciously leaning in the face of the whole boat's company. 'Some people have no shame,' thought Henrietta.

Luttrell came up and paid his compliments and the pleasure expressed by his looks as well as his words, inspired our heroine with even more than her usual vivacity to which her only drawback was the necessity of watching that the plebeian umbrella did not protrude into sight.

Luttrell congratulated Henrietta on the boat keepin' close to the western shore, as on that side of the broad and picturesque Hudson is the finest scenery; and he pointed out after passing Hoboken, the frequent elevation of the banks, interspersed with projecting masses of stone, and indicating the vicinity of the Palisade Rocks.

Presently the loud bell and the loud voice of one of the black waiters was heard, summoning 'all passengers that had not paid their passage, to step to the captain's office and pay *their* passage.'

'I am always diverted,' said Luttrell, with the manner in which these steamboat servants emphasize their directions to the passengers—not to mention their proneness to tautology. Sometimes we are invited to *step* to the captain's office—sometimes it is insisted that we shall *pay* our passage—sometimes we are particularly notified that it is at the *captain's* office we are to find the paying-place—and sometimes that it is *our* passage we are requested to pay.'

'I have heard,' said Henrietta, 'as much diversity in accenting a single word; for instance, early in the autumn, when the peach carts go about the streets of Philadelphia, with a boy perched on a front-board to offici-

ate as crier, while a woman walks behind with a half-peck measure. This boy, who, though he may have been tolerably well-looking at the beginning, seems before the peach season is over to have gone all to voice like a locust, keeps up a continual melancholy shout which he varies to peachaz, peachiz, peachoz and peachuz—but never once saying peachez.

'Did you ever hear water-melons called rightly?' said her uncle. 'Are they not always water-millyans, millyins, or mill-yuns?'

'Always,' replied Luttrell. 'But excuse me a moment, while I go to the captain's office and pay *my* passage.'

'For my part,' observed Mr. Markham, as Luttrell turned and walked from them, 'I got through that business the moment I came on board.'

'Uncle,' said Henrietta, 'as I find my shawl rather an incumbrance, I am going to deposit it in one of the berths in the ladies' cabin. Shall I disembarass you of your umbrella at the same time, and lay it with my shawl?'

'I do not know,' replied Mr. Markham—'perhaps I may want it.'

'How can you possibly want it, dear uncle, this clear, bright, delightful day. Look at the blue sky, and the sunbeams glittering in the river.'

'That's the very thing—the brightness of the sunshine. I shall probably go on the upper deck, or the roof, as you call it, where there is no awning; and then this umbrella will answer as good a purpose as your parasol.'

'Uncle,' said Henrietta, solemnly, 'were I to see you displaying that outrageous thing as a sun-umbrella, I do not think I could live another minute.'

'—Yes, you could,' observed Mr. Markham; 'you could live to a good old age, notwithstanding; and perhaps your grey hairs may bring you a little sense, for I do not think you will get any before.'

[Concluded in our next.]

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

Mind and Nature.

BY J. H. DENIO.

It is no less true than singular, that cultivated and refined minds harmonize with nature—delight to study and contemplate her in all her forms. The uncultivated mind can see no sublimity in the cataract, no beauty in the modest flower. It views the former as a thing of chance and the latter with idle curiosity. The sun rises in the cloudless sky of the east, and sets again in the west, leaving behind its parting tints upon the clouds. The moon speeds on in her bright pathway,

and the suns of many systems twinkle in the high heavens. In the contemplation of all this there is no beauty commingled with pleasure to such a mind—it views all with utter apathy. Taste for the beauties of nature always accompanies talent and worth.—The present is the season to enjoy nature. Let us arise, go forth and receive her instruction.

Anecdote of Rev. Zabdiel Adams.

He had attended a funeral one afternoon and was following the corpse in the rear of the grave yard. All of a sudden the procession came to a stand. After a considerable pause, Mr. Adams got impatient, and walked to the bier to know the cause thereof. The pall bearers informed him that a sheriff from Leominster had attached the body for debt. This practice was legal at this period. 'Attached the body?' exclaimed Mr. A. thumping his cane down with vehemence. 'Move on,' said he, 'and bury the man. I have made a prayer at a funeral and somebody shall be buried. If the sheriff objects, take him up and bury him.' The bier was raised without delay, the procession moved on, and the sheriff thought best to molest them no further, or in vulgar parlance made himself scarce. A parishioner brought a child to him to be baptised. The old parson leaned forward and asked him the name. 'Ichabod,' says he. Now Mr. A. had a strong prejudice against this name. 'Poh, poh,' said he, 'John you mean John, I baptize thee in the name,' &c. One Sabbath afternoon, his people were expecting a stranger to preach, whom they were all anxious to hear and a much more numerous congregation than usual had assembled. The stranger did not come, and of course the people were disappointed. Mr. Adams found himself obliged to officiate and in the course of his devotional exercise he spoke to this effect: 'We beseech thee O Lord for this people, who have come up with itching ears to the Sanctuary that their severe affliction may be sanctified to them for their moral and spiritual good, and that the humble efforts of thy servant may be made, through thy grace, in some measure effectual to their edification.'

A parishioner, one of those who did not sit down and count the cost, undertook to build a house, and invited his friends and neighbors to have a frolic with him in digging the cellar. After the work was finished, Mr. Adams happened to be passing by, and stopping, addressed him thus: 'Mr. Ritter, you have had a frolic and digged your cellar. You had better have another frolic and fill it up again.' Had he heeded the old man's advice he would have escaped the misery of pursuit from hungry creditors, and the necessity of resort to a more humble dwelling. A neighboring minister—a mild, inoffensive

man—with whom he was about to exchange, said to him, knowing the peculiar bluntness of his character, 'You will find the panes of glass broken in the pulpit window, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too, is in a bad condition, but I beg of you not to say any thing to my people on the subject. They are poor,' &c. 'Oh, no! O, no!' says Mr. Adams. But ere he left home, he filled a bag with rags and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time feeling somewhat incommoded by the too free circulation of air he deliberately took from the bag a handful or two of rags and stuffed them into the window. Towards the close of his discourse, which was more or less upon the duties of a people towards their clergyman, he became very animated and purposely brought down both fists with a tremendous force upon the pulpit cushion. The feathers flew in all directions, and the cushion was pretty much used up. He instantly checked the current of thought, and simply exclaiming, 'Why, how these feathers fly!' proceeded. He had fulfilled his promise of not addressing the society on the subject, but he had taught them a lesson not to be misunderstood. On the next Sabbath the window and cushion were found in excellent repair.—*Christ. Reg.*

A Royal Example.

A NOBLE Lord, not particularly remarkable for his observance of holy ordinances, arrived at Windsor not a month ago, late one Saturday night. 'I have brought down for your majesty's inspection,' he said, 'some papers of importance, but as they must be gone into at length I will not trouble your majesty with them to-night—but request your attention to them to-morrow morning.' 'To-morrow morning,' repeated the Queen, 'to-morrow is Sunday, my Lord!'—'But business of state please your Majesty!'—'Must be attended to I know,' replied the Queen, 'and as of course you could not come down earlier to-night, I will, if those papers are of such vital importance attend to them after we come from church to-morrow morning.'

To church went the Royal party—to church went the Noble Lord—and, much to his surprise, the sermon was on 'the duties of the Sabbath.' 'How did your Lordship like the sermon?' inquired the young Queen. 'Very much, your Majesty,' replied the nobleman, with the best grace he could. 'I will not conceal from you,' said the Queen, 'that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be the better for it.' The day passed without a single word 'on the subject of the papers of importance'—which must be gone into at length.

His Lordship was—as he always is—graceful and entertaining—and at night when her

Majesty was about to withdraw, 'To-morrow morning, my Lord,' she said, 'at any hour you please—as early as seven if you like—we will go into these papers.' His Lordship could not think of intruding at so early an hour on her Majesty—nine would be quite time enough. 'As they are of importance, my Lord, I would have attended to them earlier—but at nine be it.' And at nine her majesty was seated ready to receive the nobleman who had been taught a lesson on the duties of the Sabbath, it is to be hoped he will not quickly forget.—*London Court Jour.*

Entrance into Life.

IT is doing a service to mankind to destroy that prejudice which is generally entertained that youth is educated when some care has been taken of their infancy. This prejudice, besides other bad effects of it, suspends the zeal of that small number of individuals in the middle ranks of life, who wish to give their children the best education they possibly can.—From a false notion that the minds of young persons are formed at a very early period, they suffer them to be their own masters at a time when they stand most in need of a guide to direct them in the course of the most important period of their education by the wisdom of his counsels, the gentleness of his instructions, and the force of his example. Few persons in their infancy, learn the art of employing and governing themselves; and it is very difficult to learn it till the faculties of the mind are full blown, and the character has taken its true bias. When young persons, therefore, are entering upon the tempestuous ocean of human life, then is the time when they must be taught the pilot's art, the manner of steering their course, so as to avoid rocks and quicksands. A philosopher might begin to take the charge of education, at a time when the vulgar think it is finished. Many persons are capable of educating children in the ordinary method; there are few, very few, who are capable of forming men.

Long Life.

HE who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. The felicity of human life depends on the regular prosecution of the same laudable purpose or objects which keeps awake and enlivens all our powers. Our happiness consists in the pursuit much more than in the attainment of any temporal good.—Rest is agreeable; but is only from preceding labors that rest acquires its true relish. When the mind is suffered to remain in continued inaction, all its powers decay. It soon languishes and sickens—but the pleasures which it proposed to obtain from rest, end in tediousness and insipidity. To this, let that miserable set of

men bear witness, who, after spending a great part of their life in active industry, have retired to what they fancied was to be a pleasing enjoyment of themselves in wealth, inactivity and repose; where they expected to find an elysium, they have found nothing but a dreary and comfortless waste. Their days are dragged on with uniform languor; with melancholy remembrance, often returning to the cheerful hours they passed, when they were engaged in the honest business and labors of the world.

ANECDOTE.—The celebrated Dr. Jardine lived next house to a painter, and their families were on the most intimate terms. The grounds of the artist being beautifully laid out, he proposed that a door should be made in the garden wall, that the Dr.'s family might walk over them at pleasure which was done. Dr. J.'s servants however abused this privilege, and made the painter considerable trouble, whereupon he sent word that he should be compelled to close the door unless the servants kept off his premises. This message provoked the Doctor, who returned for answer that his friend 'might do what he pleased with the door, so that he did not paint it!' The artists immediately retorted 'that he had received the insolent message, but did not care a straw about it for he could take any thing from the Doctor but his physic!'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. F. Brooks Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. S. Williams-town, Ms. \$1.00; C. B. Comstock's Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; N. J. Peekskill, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. S. Derby, Ct. \$1.00; P. C. Schodack Center, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. M. Richford, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. West Port, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cardiff, N. Y. \$5.00; P. D. B. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; E. W. M. Martville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. East Schuyler, N. Y. \$0.87½; A. L. Dorset, Vt. \$0.81; E. G. F. Alexander, N. Y. \$0.81; J. B. Decatur, N. Y. \$1.00; G. H. Hitchcockville, Ct. \$1.00; G. C. Greenwich Village, Ms. \$1.00; E. P. B. Oswego, N. Y. \$1.00; M. B. Dalton, N. H. \$1.00; W. W. Auburn, N. Y. \$2.00; J. A. W. Coxsack, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. Great Barrington, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Stow's Square, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$3.00; S. C. P. Mansfield, Ct. \$1.00; R. M. N. Brookfield, Vt. \$5.00; W. S. S. Sherbrooke, L. C. \$0.62½; L. D. W. East Clarendon, Vt. \$2.00; J. B. B. Shelburne Falls, Ms. \$1.00; L. B. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Plymouth, Ia. \$1.00; D. C. V. West Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; P. V. B. Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; M. E. Lebanon, N. H. \$1.00; I. W. Albany, N. Y. \$10.00; H. S. Cobleskill, N. Y. \$3.00; O. A. Tioga Center, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Fosterdale, N. Y. \$1.00; A. W. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; O. W. Cranbrook, Mich. \$1.00; J. S. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; E. B. South Catro, N. Y. \$1.00; W. M. G. Gaylord's Bridge, Ct. \$0.50; C. I. T. Canaan Center, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Washington, O. \$1.00; H. W. T. Aurelius, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

At Ancram, on the 18th ult. by H. S. Hoywardt, Esq. Henry Livingston to Miss Jane Wolf, both of Claverack.

DIED.

In this city, on the 22d ult. Ann L. daughter of Ira and Martha Peak, aged 11 years and 2 months.

On the 16th ult. Mrs. Ann Eliza Bullock, in her 29th year.

On the 17th ult. Henry, son of H. Benedict, aged 11 months and 11 days.

On the 19th ult. Fletcher, son of Mr. Edward Allen, aged 3 months and 2 days.

In Greenport, on the 10th of July, Mr. Walter Morrison, aged 36 years.

In Claverack, on the 17th ult. Frances Matilda, daughter of the late Richard Van De Bogert, in her 4th year.

At Spencertown, August 12th after a few hours illness, Elizabeth Skiff, daughter of Charles and Rachel Skiff.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Introduction to an Album.

BY H. SHUTTS.

As the lark's gladsome wing, which cleaves
Its heaven-directed way through air,
Soars from our view away, and leaves
No trace to mark its pathway there—
So aspirations of the heart,
Without on some fair page imprinted,
May on oblivion's tide depart,
And leave no data to attest
Their spirit-being.—Therefore may
This yet unsullied volume be,
A shrine where memory shall pay,
Vows of eternal constancy.
And let no recreant bosom here,
With frigid faithlessness intrude—
Nor yet a single line appear,
Unprompted by the sanctitude
Of truth and friendship ;—but alone,
Let virtue's vot'ries hither bring.
Fresh from the mind's ethereal throne,
The heart's best, richest offering.

Alice.

A young girl, a deaf mute, cherished an ardent affection
for her father. At his death she was inconsolable, and
intimated, in the language of signs that 'Her heart had
grown to his.' In a few days she was called to follow
him. Hear her!

SISTERS! there's music here,
From countless harps it flows,
Throughout this bright celestial sphere
Nor pause, nor discord knows.

The seal is melted from my ear
By love divine,
And what through life I pined to hear
Is mine! is mine!

Joy!—I am mute no more,
My sad and silent years,
With all their loneliness, are o'er;
Sweet sisters, dry your tears.

Listen at hush of eve—listen at dawn of day—
List at the hour of prayer, can ye not hear my lay?

Brother!—my only one,
Beloved from childhood's hours,
With whom beneath the vernal sun,
I wandered when our task was done
And gathered early flowers;

I cannot come to thee,
Though 'twas so sweet to rest
Upon thy gently guiding arm—thy sympathizing
breast;

'Tis better here to be.

O mother! He is here
To whom my soul so grew,
That when death's fatal spear
Stretched him upon his bier,
I fain must follow too.

Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow?

Ask ye, if filial love,
Unbodied spirits prove?

'Tis but a little space and thou shalt rise to know.

I bend to soothe thy woes,
How near—thou canst not see;
I watch thy lone repose,
Alice doth comfort thee;
To welcome thee I wait—blest mother; come to me.

From the New-York Gazette.

THE following beautiful lines are from the Trenton Em-
porium and True American, and are attributed to the pen
of the Editor of that paper. They were written on view-
ing the 'Vision of Heaven,' a painting by R. Street, ex-
hibiting at the rooms opposite the Chestnut Street Theatre,
above Sixth street, Philadelphia.

The Vision of Heaven.

PAINTING BY STREET.

BEAUTIFUL vision!—There she kneels—
The scene, the hour to worship given—
While sweetly o'er her spirit steals
The light, the song, the bliss of Heaven;
No cloud of earth is on her brow,
No earthly hopes are flitting by—
The dream that wraps her spirit now
Is borrowed from yon radiant sky.

'Tis not that her young heart is free
As mountain air or music wild,
'Tis not the glow of ecstasy
Joy flings o'er fortune's favored child—
'Tis not that nature there breathes out—
Her worship is the waterfall—
And all is beautiful about—
And she, most beautiful of all.

Oh no! there's something in the thrill
Of this world's spirit-stirring mirth—
That, tho' all sweet and joyous—still
Is mingled with the shades of earth—
As in the rainbow's radiant form
That spans the sky's cerulean sheet
Abides the memory of the storm—
That broke and vanished at his feet.

Oh no!—the leaping spirit there—
Forgot its prison-house of clay—
Far, far beyond this world of care
Wings now its blissful flight away—
That sunny smile serenely bright
Is but the mantle that it flings
Back from heavenward path of light,
Whither each hope exulting springs.

Sweet vision of embodied thought,
To earth's low scenes in beauty given—
How is thine angel image fraught
With all we know or dream of Heaven!
Still to our sphere the luster give
Of that sweet smile and heaven-lit eye,
And thou shalt teach us how to live,
And learn us how to die.

DELTA.

Melancholy.

THE sun of the morning,
Unclouded and bright,
The landscape adorning
With lustre and light,
To glory and gladness
New bliss may impart;—
But, oh! give to sadness
And softness of heart
A moment to ponder, a season to grieve,
The light of the moon, or the shadows of eve!

Then soothing reflections
Arise on the mind;
And sweet recollections
Of friends who were kind;
Of love that was tender,
And yet could decay;

Of visions whose splendor
Time withered away;
Of all that for brightness or beauty may seem
The painting of fancy—the work of a dream!

The soft cloud of whiteness,
The stars beaming through,
The pure moon of brightness,
The deep sky of blue;—
The rush of the river,
Through vales that are still,
The breezes that ever
Sigh lone o'er the hill,
Are sounds that can soften, and sights that impart
A bliss to the eye, and a balm to the heart.

The Song of the Sea Shell.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I COME from the ocean—a billow passed o'er me,
And covered with sea-weeds, and glittering foam,
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon bore me
To deck the gay halls of his far distant home;
Encircled by exquisite myrtles and roses,
Still, still, in the deep I am pining to be;
And the low voice within me my feeling discloses,
And evermore murmurs the sounds of the sea.

The sky-lark at morn pours a carol of pleasure,
At eve the sad nightingale warbles her note;
The harp in our halls nightly sounds a glad mea-
sure,
And beauty's sweet songs on the air lightly float;
Yet I sigh for the loud-breaking billows that tossed
me,
I long to the cool coral caverns to flee,
And when guests with officious intrusion accost me,
I answer them still in the strains of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,
And mingled with men in the regions above,
I have known them, the ties they once cherished for-
getting,
Oft trust to new friendship and cling to new love.
O! is it so hard to preserve true devotion?—
Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of me,
I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,
And no language is mine but the sounds of the
sea.

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